TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!

AVON PUBLICATION

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No.7

EERIE

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BLOOD for the VAMPIRE!

The GHOUL WALKS!

NIGHTMARE!

BLACK means DEATH!

EERIE

DEATH CAME TO DISTURB THE NIGHTLY DREAMS OF NATHAN FOXX! HE THOUGHT THAT HE COULD OUTWIT HIS GHASTLY TORMENTOR, BUT HE SUCCEEDED ONLY IN BRINGING TO LIFE HIS.. NIGHTMARE!
HORROR HUNG OVER THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF RAVENNES IN THE TYROLEAN ALPS. FROM OUT OF THE DARKNESS CAME A CREATURE TO PREY UPON THE PEASANTS AND MAKE EACH WAKING MOMENT A THING OF FEAR!... BLOOD for the VAMPIRE!
EGBERT BAGUIOID KINSTLER
EACH TINY NOISE IN THE OLD HOUSE ADDED TO THE TERROR OF THE YOUNG COUPLE. DOT AND ROY HAD JUST BEEN MARRIED, BUT THEY FELT ANYTHING BUT ROMANTIC AS THEY BEGAN THEIR... HAUNTED HONEYMOON!
SHE WAS LIKE A CREATURE OUT OF ANOTHER WORLD! HARRY WALTERS SAW HER LONG ENOUGH TO FALL UNDER THE MAGIC OF HER SPELL, THEN THE BLACK SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT CLAIMED HER. HE SHOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD THAT... BLACK means DEATH!
MURDER STRUCK SILENTLY IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY! THE KILLER WAS TWISTED AND DEFORMED, AN UGLY, DEADLY FREAK WHO KILLED FOR THE LOVE OF KILLING! The GHOUL WALKS!

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THEY SAY THIS HAPPENED MANY YEARS AGO, IN THE TYROLEAN ALPS, NEAR WHAT WAS THEN THE SMALL HAMLET OF RAVENNES! IT NEED NOT FRIGHTEN YOU -- NOT THE FIRST PART OF IT ANYWAY! YOU SEE, IT BEGAN AS JUST A LEGEND, ONE OF THOSE TALES OF HORROR HANDED DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON THROUGH THE GENERATIONS! THE TALE OF A TERRIBLE THIRSTING THING! THEY CALL IT---
BLOOD FOR THE VAMPIRE!
HA! HA!
WE MUST MAKE THE TOWN OFFICIALS OPEN ERIK LUSTVEG'S GRAVE!
WE MUST DRIVE A STAKE INTO THE BODY!
LOOK! LOOK! THERE!
NODEL
ALASCIA
THE BOAR'S HEAD WAS A MOUNTAIN INN/ JOHANN LUSTVEG AND HIS WIFE, WHO OWNED IT, WERE SIMPLE MOUNTAIN FOLK...
JOHANN, IT IS TOO BAD WE NEVER HAD A LITTLE SON, A LITTLE BROTHER TO PLAY WITH ANNA NOW.
YES, MARTA! IT IS!
1

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THEY WANTED ANOTHER CHILD SO BADLY! AND THEN ONE DAY...
...A BABY! ABANDONED HERE!...
A BOY! THEY BROUGHT HIM UP AS THEIR OWN!
WE WILL NAME HIM ERIK!
GOOD! A NICE NAME!
A LITTLE BROTHER FOR ME! I LOVE HIM!
BUT IN SPITE OF ALL THEIR LOVE HE GREW TO BE A VERY STRANGE LITTLE BOY!
ERIK, DEAR, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU KNOW WE ALL LOVE YOU!
...I DON'T LOVE HIM! UGH! I--I'M AFRAID OF HIM!
YAH! YOU LEMME ALONE!
PASSING TRAVELERS OFTEN SPENT A DAY OR TWO AT THE INN! AND ONE MORNING, WHEN ERIK WAS ABOUT TEN...
THAT BOY OF YOURS STOLE MY MONEY! I SAW HIM JUST NOW, SNEAKING OUT OF MY ROOM!
WHA...?!
IT'S TRUE! HERE'S YOUR POCKETBOOK, SIR! OH, I'M SO SORRY!
WELL, ALL RIGHT! IF HE WERE MINE I'D GIVE HIM A GOOD THRASHING!
YAH!
CERTAINLY THE KINDLY COUPLE DID THEIR BEST WITH ERIK! BUT...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO! THE BOY SEEMS POSSESSED BY SOME DEVIL!
AND WE TRY SO HARD!
POSSESSED BY SOME DEVIL! PROPHETIC WORDS! WHEN THE STRANGE ERIK WAS TWENTY...
THESE NIGHT ROBBERIES HERE IN RAVENNES--I SAY IT'S ERIC LUSTVEG, FROM THE BOAR'S HEAD!...I THINK SO, TOO!
HAH! THEY THINK THEY'RE SO SMART! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME!
2

THEN ONE NIGHT AT THE INN, THE TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED...

WHA? THE INN-KEEPER'S BOY! HEY, YOU...LUSTVEG! LUSTVEG--COME HERE!

YOU SHUT UP!

POSSESSED BY SOME DEVIL? *SOMETHING* TERRIBLE WAS UNLEASHED WITHIN ERIK LUSTVEG!

I TOLD YOU, SHUT UP!

ERIK? WHAT'S THE MATTER IN THERE?

HELP! HELP!

AIEE

ERIK! ERIK--WHA--?!

OHH--HE'S KILLED M'SIEU PEROT!

HA! HA! YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ON ME!

A RAGING, MANIACAL DEMON, SUDDENLY UNLEASHED! WITHIN A MOMENT ON THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT, THE BOAR'S HEAD INN WAS A CRIMSON SHAMBLES...

HELP! HELP!

HA-HA!

NO ONE WILL EVER GET ME!

AIEE!

EVERYONE IN RAVENNES JOINED THE SEARCH FOR THE MAD MURDERER! AT LAST, IN A MOUNTAIN CAVE, LIKE AN ANIMAL THEY CAUGHT HIM! HE WOULD HAVE BEEN HUNG IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE! BUT...

YOU THINK I CANNOT ESCAPE? HAH!

WHA?

BEFORE THEY COULD STOP HIM, ERIC LUSTVEG HAD SLASHED HIS THROAT...

HE KILLED HIMSELF! A SUICIDE!

AN EVIL MAN WHO COMMITS SUICIDE--*WILL BECOME A VAMPIRE!*

A VAMPIRE!.. OHHH--WE ARE ALL DOOMED!...

OF COURSE WE IN AMERICA, IN THIS DAY AND AGE, DON'T BELIEVE IN SUCH THINGS! BUT THE SIMPLE MOUNTAIN FOLK OF RAVENNES--*THEY KNEW!*

AND THAT NIGHT...

TERRIBLE THING! LIVING DEAD BODY--A SACRILEGE, ONE OF THE DARK WONDERS WE ARE NOT MEANT TO UNDERSTAND!

THE VAMPIRE! EEOOW! HELP!

AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER... REPLENISHING ITSELF FROM DARK TO DAWN...

THE BODY OF ERIK LUSTVEG HAD BEEN INTERRED IN JOHANN LUSTVEG'S FAMILY VAULTS, AND THE NEXT DAY THE TERRIFIED VILLAGERS...
THE LUSTVEG VAULT MUST BE OPENED!
WE MUST BURN ERIK'S BODY WITH GARLIC!
NO! WE SHOULD STUFF THE MOUTH!
AND DRIVE A STAKE INTO THE HEART!
THE VAMPIRE COULD BE KILLED! BUT THAT DAY, WHEN THE VAULT WAS OPENED...
THE INNER COFFIN IS GONE!
THE VAMPIRE STOLE ITS COFFIN! BORE IT AWAY TO SOME SECRET HIDING PLACE, WHERE IT CAN REST BY DAY!
WE ARE DOOMED...DOOMED!
JUST A LEGEND OF LONG AGO!
BUT WAIT! IN 1951, IN A SMALL TOWN HERE IN AMERICA, THERE IS A YOUNG COUPLE NAMED ROD AND DOT BLAIR! HERE IS WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM--JUST LAST YEAR!
THIS WAS JUST LAST SUMMER..
THE MAIL OUGHT TO BE SORTED BY NOW! LET'S DRIVE DOWN TO THE POST OFFICE, DOT!
OKAY!
ROD, HERE'S A LETTER FROM MY UNCLE PAUL'S LAWYER! IN INDIA, BENARES--UNCLE PAUL DIED THERE LAST MONTH!
THAT UNCLE PAUL LUSTVEG WHOM YOU HAVEN'T SEEN SINCE YOU WERE A KID? WHAT'S THE LETTER SAY?
YOUNG DOT BLAIR KNEW NOTHING OF HER FAMILY! THERE WAS ONLY LUSTVEG, WHO FOR YEARS HAD LIVED IN THE FAR EAST...
UNCLE PAUL HAS LEFT ME AN OLD HOUSE OVER IN THE ALPS! NEAR A PLACE CALLED RAVENNES! MY FAMILY LIVED THERE LONG AGO!
YEAH? WONDER IF IT'S WORTH MUCH NOW?
ROD WAS ON VACATION! THEY DECIDED IT WOULD BE FUN TO GO AND INVESTIGATE!
IT WAS ONCE AN INN! OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS! BUT NOBODY'S LIVED IN IT FOR HEAVEN KNOWS HOW LONG! UNCLE PAUL HIMSELF WOULDN'T EVER GO THERE!
MAYBE WE COULD SELL IT FOR A LITTLE SOMETHING, ANYWAY!

NEAR NIGHTFALL, ONE SUMMER EVENING, ROD AND DOT BLAIR APPROACHED RAVENNES! IT'S LARGER NOW--BUT IN MANY WAYS IT'S JUST THE SAME!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A PLACE THEY CALLED BOAR'S HEAD INN!

EVER HEARD OF IT?

THE LUSTVEG PLACE! OH YES, I'VE HEARD OF IT!

NO ONE GOES THERE! YOU MUST NOT, M'SIEU! THINGS MOST TERRIBLE HAVE HAPPENED THERE!

YEAH? TELL US!

THE OLD MAN GARBLED THE TALE, AS OLD PEOPLE WILL! IT DID NOT FRIGHTEN YOUNG ROD BLAIR!

A VAMPIRE! SURE, WE HAVE 'EM IN AMERICA! LITTLE ONES THAT FILL UP WITH YOUR BLOOD! MOSQUITOS! HA! HA!

FOOLS! JUST FOOLS...!

BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM SO FUNNY, WHEN PRESENTLY...

WELL, IT'S SURE FALLING APART! LET'S TAKE A LOOK! WE'VE GOT CANDLES AND A FLASHLIGHT!

THERE'S A STORM COMING--- OH, ROD?!

GRIM, BROODING PLACE! WHATEVER SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE THEY HAD WAS SOON GONE!

SURE IS A WRECK, ISN'T IT?

OH, ROD-- PLEASE-- *LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!*

BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE STORM OUTSIDE BROKE WITH WEIRD MOUNTAIN FURY!

AND INSIDE THE MOULDERING OLD BUILDING...

COULDN'T DRIVE IN THIS STORM! MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME FIREWOOD IN THE CELLAR!

OH, ROD! DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M COMING WITH YOU!

JUST BRASH YOUNG FOOLS! THEY WOULD TELL YOU THAT NOW, IF YOU MET THEM!

LOOK! AN OLD COFFIN!

THE VAMPIRE'S COFFIN! OH, ROD--WHAT THE OLD MAN WAS TELLING US--THE VAMPIRE HID HIS COFFIN SOMEWHERE! ROD, MAYBE HIS STORY *WAS TRUE!*

NONSENSE! WHA?! WHO ARE YOU?

I AM JACOB TARL--THE CARETAKER HERE! THE STORM DROVE YOU IN? WELCOME! COME UPSTAIRS! I WILL MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE!

T-THANK YOU! UNTIL THE STORM HAS PASSED!

THAT LETTER I GOT SAID NOTHING ABOUT A CARETAKER!

MAYBE THE LAWYER GOT IT MIXED, DOT--WE'RE JUST THINKING CRAZY THINGS!

THIS WAY, PLEASE!

IT WAS A FESTERING OLD ROOM, DANK WITH THE SMELL OF YEARS...

I WILL LEAVE YOU, NOW!

YES! T-THANKS!

AND AS HE LEFT...

ROD, LOOK! THERE'S *NO REFLECTION IN THAT MIRROR!*

WHA--?!

ROD BLAIR, FROM MODERN AMERICA, STILL WAS TRYING TO TELL HIMSELF NOT TO BELIEVE SUCH WILD THINGS...

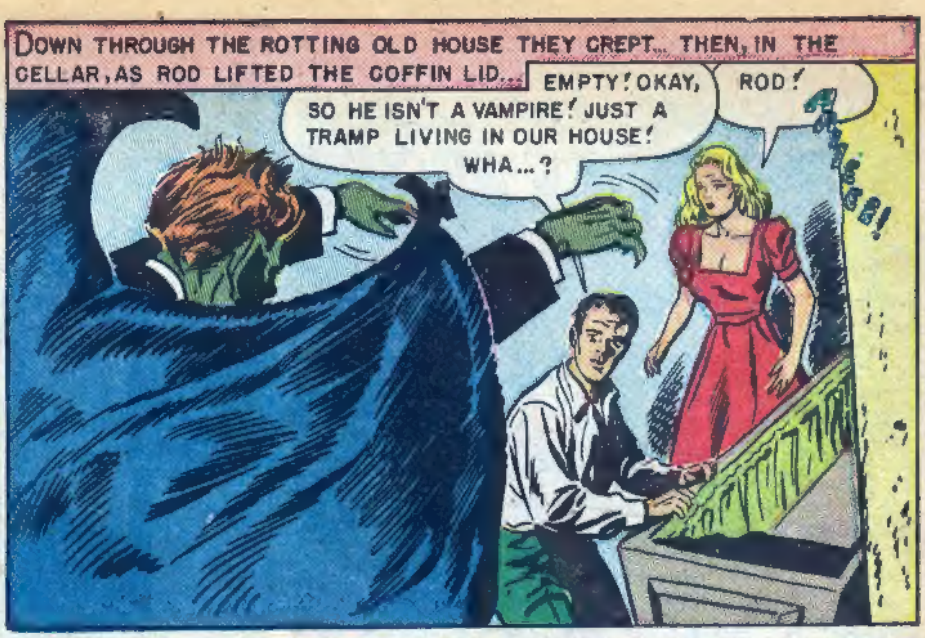
WE'LL WAIT TILL THE STORM LETS UP, THEN WE'LL BEAT IT!

OH, ROD, I'M SO FRIGHTENED! VAMPIRES SOMETIMES TAKE HUMAN FORM--AND A MIRROR DOESN'T REFLECT THEM!

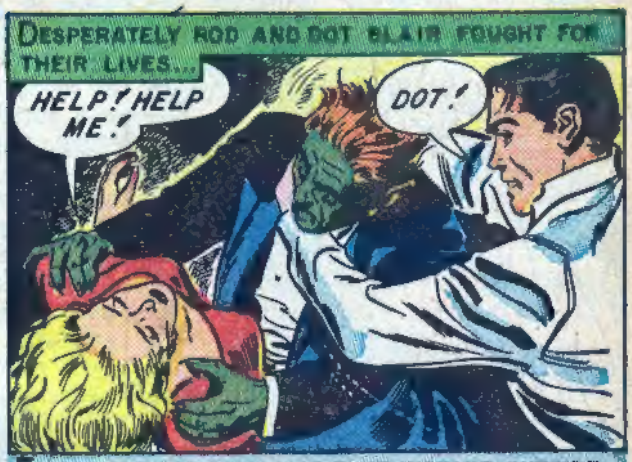
ALL RIGHT! IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO THAT CRAZY OLD STUFF, I'LL FIX IT! AFTER ALL, THIS IS OUR HOUSE, ISN'T IT? IF THERE'S A VAMPIRE IN IT--I'LL DRIVE A STAKE INTO HIM! THAT'LL FIX HIM, WON'T IT!

OHH--!

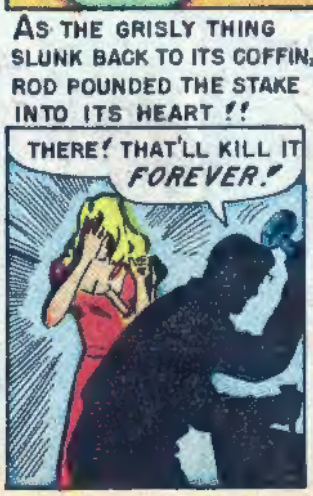
IT'S JUST ABOUT DAWN! HE'D BE IN HIS COFFIN WOULDN'T HE? COME ON!


DOWN THROUGH THE ROTTING OLD HOUSE THEY CREPT... THEN, IN THE CELLAR, AS ROD LIFTED THE COFFIN LID...
EMPTY! OKAY, SO HE ISN'T A VAMPIRE! JUST A TRAMP LIVING IN OUR HOUSE!
WHA...?
ROD!
EEEEE!

RAVENING, GHASTLY CREATURE, OUT FROM ITS ILL-OMENED SEPULCHRE... HELLISH NOW WITH UNHOLY THIRST... IT CAME LEAPING AT THEM!
AAIIEEE


DESPERATELY ROD AND DOT BLAIR FOUGHT FOR THEIR LIVES...
HELP! HELP ME!
DOT!

FATE? WHAT YOU WILL -- AT THAT INSTANT OUTSIDE, THE ROSY DAWN WAS BREAKING THROUGH THE STORM-CLOUDS! AND SUDDENLY...
THE DAWN! MY TIME IS UP!


AS THE GRISLY THING SLUNK BACK TO ITS COFFIN, ROD POUNDED THE STAKE INTO ITS HEART!!
THERE! THAT'LL KILL IT FOREVER!

HORROR CAN DRAIN THE SENSES...
POOR KID, SHE'S FAINTED...
DOT! DOT!

LIKE FIRE IN DRY PRAIRIE GRASS THE FLAMES SPREAD, AND...

... I'LL MAKE IT! ... GOT TO!..

THE MOUNTAINEERS GATHERED! ROD WASN'T JIBING AT THEIR OLD LEGEND NOW...

I POUNDED A STAKE INTO IT! POUNDED AND POUNDED! I KILLED IT!

YOU USED MORE THAN *ONE* BLOW? OH, M'SIEU, THERE MUST BE *ONLY ONE BLOW* TO KILL A VAMPIRE!

HE DID NOT KILL IT!

HA! HA!

OHHH--- THERE IT GOES!

NOTHING FOR US TO BE AFRAID OF THAT WAS 3000 MILES FROM HERE! AND SOME SAY THAT VAMPIRES CANNOT CROSS SALT WATER--- BUT OTHERS SAY THEY CAN! ONLY A *MONTH* AGO, AT A SMALL AMERICAN HOSPITAL WHICH PREFERS TO REMAIN NAMELESS...

WHEN HE GETS THIS BLOOD TRANSFUSION, HE'LL BE BETTER! PROBABLY SAVED HIS LIFE!..WHA---?!

THERE WAS SUCH A COMMOTION IN THE LITTLE HOSPITAL THAT THE GHASTLY THING WINGED AWAY...

LOOK! THERE IT GOES!

WHAT WAS IT?

A VAMPIRE!

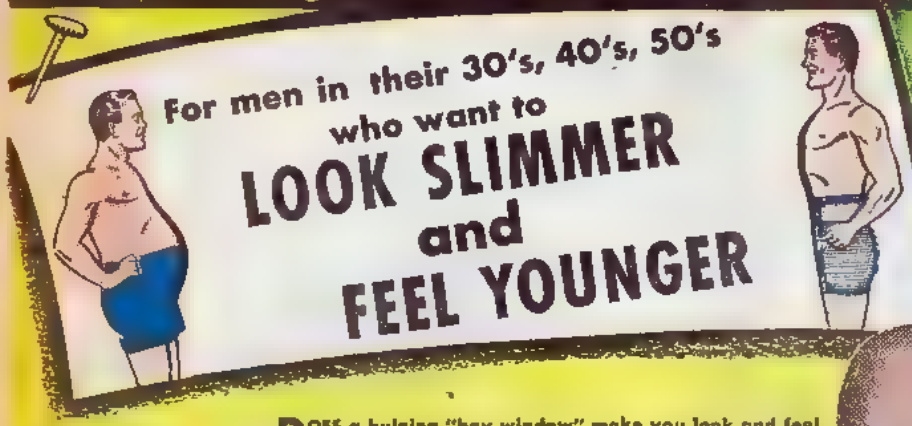
IT'S A VAMPIRE!

THAT WAS HERE, IN AMERICA--AND ONLY *LAST MONTH!* THE UNHOLY CREATURE WHICH WAS ONCE THE VILLAINOUS ERIK LUSTVEG IS ABROAD! WHERE IS IT NOW? WHERE *WILL IT BE TONIGHT?* ANY ONE OF US, GLANCING AT OUR WINDOW, MAY SEE THE...

THIRSTING THING

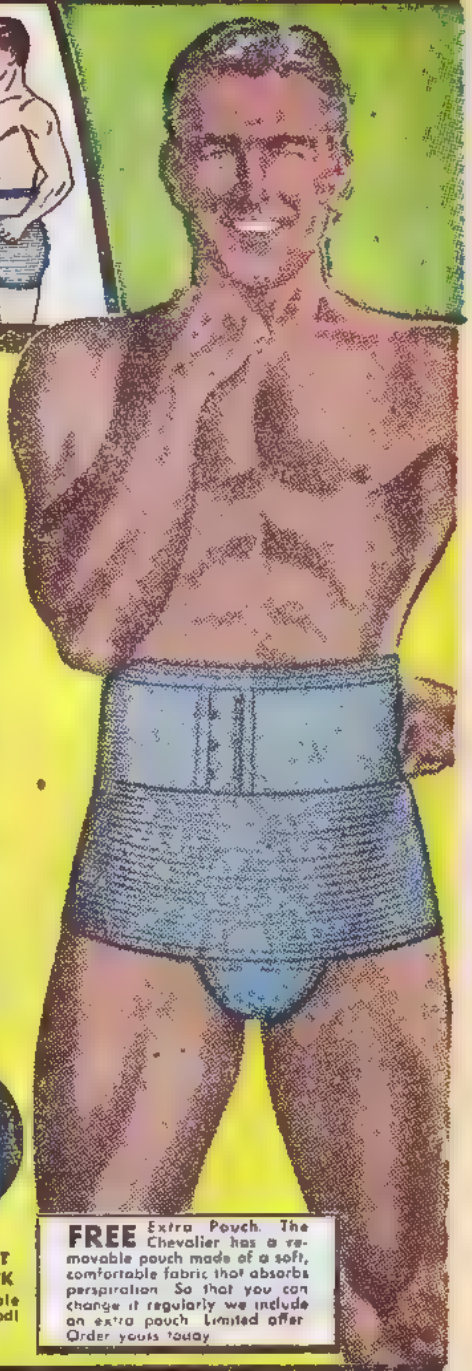
THE END...

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's who want to

LOOK SLIMMER and FEEL YOUNGER



DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

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The CHEVALIER

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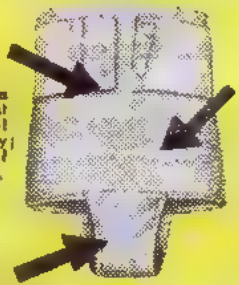
Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

DO YOU ENVY MEN who can 'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?



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Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!

TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH
Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen, yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH
Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

and then he got a "CHEVALIER" . . .

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It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two way s t r e t c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you *personalized* fit. The Chevalier is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the Chevalier on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!

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FITS SNUG AT SMALL of BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

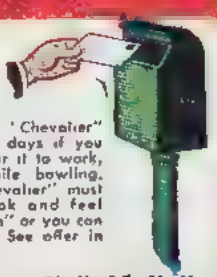
FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. *You risk nothing!* Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!

2. Try on the Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined ... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!

3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



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My waist measure is .....
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name .....
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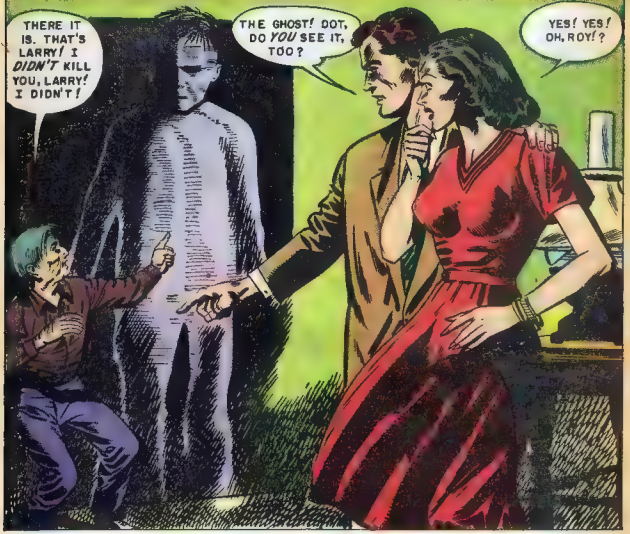
☐ **Save 65c postage** We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.

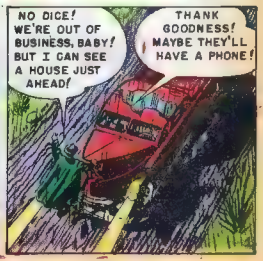
ROY AND DOT EVANS CERTAINLY DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! ..... THAT STORMY NIGHT, THEIR DISABLED CAR, THE WEIRD OLD HOUSE WHERE THEY TOOK REFUGE--- ALL THAT SEEMED JUST AN INTERESTING ADVENTURE! BUT THEY THOUGHT DIFFERENTLY WHEN SUDDENLY THEY WERE PLUNGED INTO THE BLOOD-CHILLING

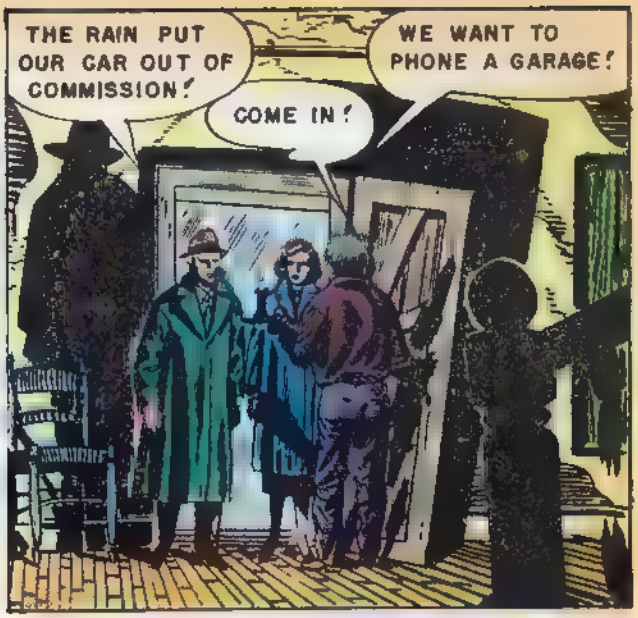
HAUNTED HONEYMOON

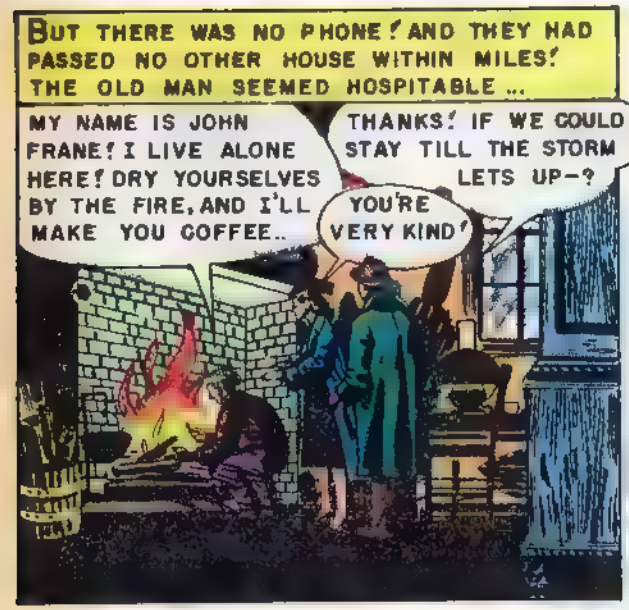


ROY AND DOT HAD BEEN MARRIED ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO. NOW THEY WERE DRIVING THROUGH CANADA! IT WAS LATE EVENING, WHEN...

* * *






BUT THERE WAS NO PHONE! AND THEY HAD PASSED NO OTHER HOUSE WITHIN MILES! THE OLD MAN SEEMED HOSPITABLE ...
MY NAME IS JOHN FRANE! I LIVE ALONE HERE! DRY YOURSELVES BY THE FIRE, AND I'LL MAKE YOU COFFEE..
THANKS! IF WE COULD STAY TILL THE STORM LETS UP-?
YOU'RE VERY KIND!

THEY COULD HEAR HIS CLUMPING STEPS ECHO THROUGH THE MUSTY OLD HALL-WAY. THEN THERE WAS SILENCE, WITH ONLY THE ROAR OF THE STORM OUTSIDE!

SEEM LIKE A NICE OLD MAN!
SAY, LOOK AT THIS! RECORDS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH! TWENTY VOLUMES OF IT AN' THIS ONE--DOYLE'S PROBING THE UNKNOWN!

BLAKE'S STUDIES IN OCCULTISM! JOHNSON'S GHOSTS I HAVE MET! AMMO'S THE DEAD NEVER DIE! MILLER'S BEWARE THE DEAD -- SAY, THIS OLD FELLOW'S SURE INTERESTED IN GHOSTS!
WELL!

AND PRESENTLY, WHEN FRANE HAD BROUGHT THE COFFEE...
I'VE BEEN LOOKING OVER YOUR BOOKS!
OH! YES, I --- THAT'S A SUBJECT WHICH INTERESTS ME..
THEY SAY YOU CAN BE HAUNTED BY SOMEONE WHO HATED YOU AND DIED! YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT, DO YOU? DO YOU?
NOT ME! GHOST STUFF.. I CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!
SUDDENLY THE OLD MAN SEEMED DESPERATELY FRIGHTENED!
I HAD A WARD--LARRY WAS ALWAYS FRAIL AND DELICATE --AND SIX MONTHS AGO, HE DIED! HE WAS ONLY EIGHTEEN --I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT HE --HE SEEMED TO BLAME ME BECAUSE HE WAS SO SICK SO MUCH! HE SAID THAT WHEN HE DIED-- HE'D COME BACK AND HAUNT ME!
IMAGINATION CAN PLAY STRANGE TRICKS! WAS IT JUST THE QUIVERING VOICE OF THE FRIGHTENED OLD MAN, MAKING THEM THINK THAT THEY COULD SEE THE PHANTOM OF LARRY, HOVERING HERE NOW?
I'M FRIGHTENED ALL THE TIME! TELL ME I'M JUST FOOLISH!
OF COURSE YOU ARE! YOU'VE READ TOO MUCH OF THAT STUFF!
BUT--BUT LOOK OVER THERE!
YOU CAN DISPELL A PHANTOM BY SCOFFING, SOMETIMES!
SEE? NOTHING'S HERE! YOU CAN IMAGINE ANYTHING, IF YOU TRY HARD ENOUGH!
YOU--YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE!
Y-YES! OF COURSE!
OUTSIDE THE WEIRD OLD HOUSE, THE STORM WAS ROARING HARDER THAN EVER! PRESENTLY--!
I CAN'T LET YOU GO OUT IN SUCH A STORM! IN THE MORNING---
BUT WE HATE TO PUT YOU TO TROUBLE--

ROY GOT THEIR SUITCASE FROM THE CAR, AND AS THE OLD MAN LED THEM UPSTAIRS...
YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE HERE!
I'M SURE WE WILL!
THANKS A LOT!
YOU'VE GIVEN ME NEW COURAGE! I'M NOT AFRAID NOW!
OF COURSE YOU'RE NOT! GOODNIGHT!
THEN WHEN HE HAD GONE...
ROY! I---I'M SCARED!
WHA--?
THAT BOY LARRY... WHY DID HE HATE HIS GUARDIAN? OH, ROY, IT SOUNDS TO ME AS IF---
SAY, I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT ANGLE! YOU..?
SUPPOSE HE KILLED THAT BOY! AND NOW...!
...AND NOW HE'S AFRAID THE KID IS HAUNTING HIM! OH, WELL, IT'S NOT OUR AFFAIR!
NOT THEIR AFFAIR! BUT PRESENTLY...
ROY! WHAT'S THAT? I THOUGHT I HEARD...
WHAT? I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING!
IT COULD HAVE BEEN A LOW MOAN, MINGLING WITH THE NOISES OF THE STORM! AND THEN IT CAME AGAIN... FAR AWAY, DOWN IN THE CREAKING OLD HOUSE!
WHA--?
AND THEN, SUDDENLY...
CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP!
FOOTSTEPS! THAT'S NO GHOST!
ROY! ROY!
4

THE...THE OLD MAN... GOING DOWNSTAIRS!
CARRYING A KNIFE! WHA...?!
THEY GAVE ME NEW COURAGE! HA, HA! YES, I'M NOT AFRAID TO DO IT, NOW!
DOWN IN A LOCKED CELLAR ROOM...
NO! DON'T KILL ME! I TELL YOU, I'LL HAUNT YOU... I'LL NEVER STOP HAUNTING YOU!
HA...HA! I'VE BEEN SILLY! I'M NOT AFRAID OF GHOSTS...
WHA...?!
I'VE WANTED TO KILL YOU FOR SO LONG! HA, HA! NOW I'LL DO IT!
OH, NO, YOU WON'T!
THEN, IN ANOTHER MOMENT...
GUESS I ONLY KNOCKED HIM OUT! HE'S NOT DEAD!
ROY, THIS POOR BOY! HE'S SO WEAK HE CAN HARDLY MOVE!
I'M...LARRY LIVINGSTON! HE'S...HE'S MY LEGAL GUARDIAN! I WAS SICK, AND HE'S BEEN... KEEPING ME HERE... STARVING ME! HE WANTED TO KILL ME, BUT HE DIDN'T DARE!
HE'S BEEN STEALING THE FORTUNE MY MOTHER LEFT ME! HE'S BEEN TRYING TO GET UP COURAGE TO KILL ME! BUT I KNEW HE WAS AFRAID OF GHOSTS!
AND WE TOLD HIM NOT TO BE AFRAID!
I'LL TIE THIS BIRD UP, AN' GET TO THE NEAREST HOUSE, STORM OR NO STORM!
AND WE'LL GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL! YOU POOR KID!
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!
LARRY RECOVERED! AND, JUST RECENTLY, OLD MAN FRANE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK IN PRISON! DOT AND ROY EVANS DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, OF COURSE! BUT SOMETIMES AT NIGHT, THEY CAN'T HELP WONDERING... THAT OLD MAN WOULD COME AFTER US...SURE HE WOULD...IF HE COULD!
OH, ROY...LOOK! OVER THERE BY THE BOOKCASE!!
THE END

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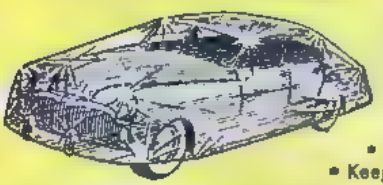

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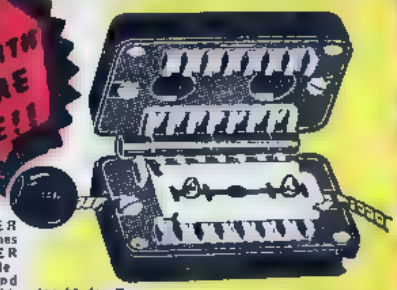

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HOUNDS from HELL

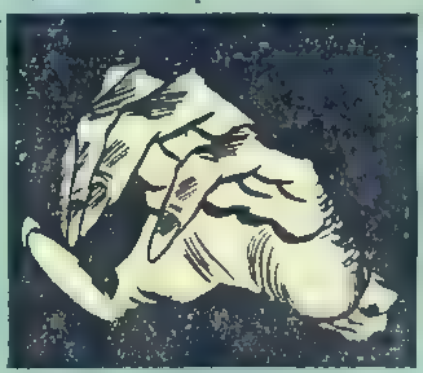
This curious story is a true one. It took place in an isolated corner of the world, New Zealand, and it concerns a man who was perhaps not entirely human himself.

The man's name was Belter and he was of partly European origin and partly of native Maori stock. He was a hired man on a large sheep ranch in those Pacific islands. Where he came from the other ranchers never found out, because he never spoke of his past, but help was scarce and he was hired. He proved to have an unusual way with sheep: he seemed to know what they would do in advance—and he could see in the dark better than any normal man should be able to. His eyes were dark and had a strange lustre all of their own. He said that when he wanted to see something at night, though it might be total blackness, that object would light up itself with a strange glow that only he could see. No one could explain his mysterious gift, but he proved it many times.

He slept in a small cabin of his own, but it was noticed after a while that he was becoming very restless. The manager of the ranch did not want to lose him, for his strange talent was valuable. Belter finally said that he became very nervous alone and would sleep better if the manager would agree to move in with him and share his cabin for a week or so. This the manager agreed to do.

That night Belter fell asleep very promptly and very soundly. The manager, an Englishman named Ferris, finally fell asleep too. Sometime later he awakened. The door of the cabin, which had been closed, was now open. The light of the full moon was streaming in, and the place was full of dogs! They were big black hounds and there were about six of them! They were jumping around, playing. One of them was standing on his bed, and another nuzzling at his face! In the other cot, Belter was still sound asleep.

Ferris says that he merely felt very angry and annoyed. He pushed the two dogs on his bed away, got out of bed, and shooing the big black dogs outside, closed the door again. Then got back into bed and fell asleep.



A little later he awakened once more. The room was silent, the door closed, and by the light of the moon he saw that Belter was in even deeper sleep, his face white in the moon's rays. But something was trying to pull the blanket off Ferris's bed!

Angry and still half asleep, Ferris pulled back at the blankets. It became a sort of tug of war, for whatever was at the other end was strong and determined. Ferris now became fully awake, sat up in bed, and reached back to grab a better hold on his blanket. Instead he grabbed someone's hand!

He pulled, and the hand came away, and he held it up in the moonlight before his eyes and looked at it! There was no body and no arm attached to it! It was hairy and dark-skinned and the fingers had curved claws! And it writhed and squirmed in his grasp! In great terror, Ferris threw the horrible thing away from him into the darkness, and fell back in shock.

He lost consciousness. It was morning when he opened his eyes. Belter woke up at the same time and announced that he had had a perfect night's rest for once. Nothing had disturbed him. Ferris remembered the horror of the hand, and blurted out to Belter what had happened with that dreadful thing.

Belter turned pale. Yes, he had heard of the hand. He had never seen it, for it had never bothered him, but several men who had shared his nights had been annoyed by it. "But," he added, "you know you were lucky to have only that hand. The worst of it was not the hand at all. The thing that I fear most is to be visited in the night by the big black Hounds of Hell!"

THE GHOSTLY DINERS

In a certain house on Royal Street in the old quarter of New Orleans there is a room which is carefully locked and whose windows are boarded up. It seems a shame, for this room occupies a prominent position in the house, which was formerly the mansion of a very wealthy family dating from the pre-Civil War days. This room was once the dining room. The family that now resides in this house do not dine there; they prefer to take their meals in what was once a library.

It is not easy to find out why this dining room is boarded up and not used. The family does not care to speak of it. When you have to live in a house, you would rather forget certain uneasy things that have gone on in it. And they still go on, as people could testify if they would. If you put your ear to the locked door on certain nights of the year at a little after midnight, you can hear the sounds of knives and forks, of plates being passed, and the dim murmur of conversation. But the room is empty!

As the story goes, sometime before the War Between the States, in the days of slavery, the house belonged to a French family whose income was derived from a series of extensive plantations inland. They were wealthy and their home was a model of great luxury, having many black servants.

The eldest son of that family had gone to France to study, and had returned home several years later with a wife. This girl was haughtier, if possible, than the family into which she had married and very soon made herself hated by the servants.

Now the Negro household help were slaves, yet they had been raised by the family who had treated them with great kindness, as kindness went in those days. A slave who attended a household was considered far superior to his black fellows in the field and so conducted himself. But to the new wife, the future mistress of the household, they were people for whom she had no kindness.

Probably because she was not used to dark-skinned people, she was afraid of them. But this fear she concealed by a cruelty utterly unnecessary. Very rapidly she alienated the servants, who tried in what little ways they could to avoid her.

The payoff was to come after two years, when, emboldened by her power, she persuaded the master of the house to send one of the serving girls back to the plantation. This girl had incurred her wrath by what seemed to her to be insolence.

The colored girl was justly upset — and what was worse, one of the servants who was planning to take her to wife, was more so. This man planned revenge.

When the family sat down to dinner on the occasion of the son's marriage anniversary, they sat down to food that had been poisoned by the angry slave. They were found next morning by the butler, still sitting at their table, in various positions of agony. The toast they had drunk to the health of the young wife had carried an instant poison. But the French girl had not drunk it. She was crouched in a corner of the room, gibbering in insanity.

Another family bought the house. But they soon learned that annually, on the night of the mass death, that room *relived it!* A number of times they heard the noises in the dining room, came down with tapers and looked in. Seated in the dim light could be seen the shadowy forms of the reveling family, going through the motions of eating that last horrible dinner.

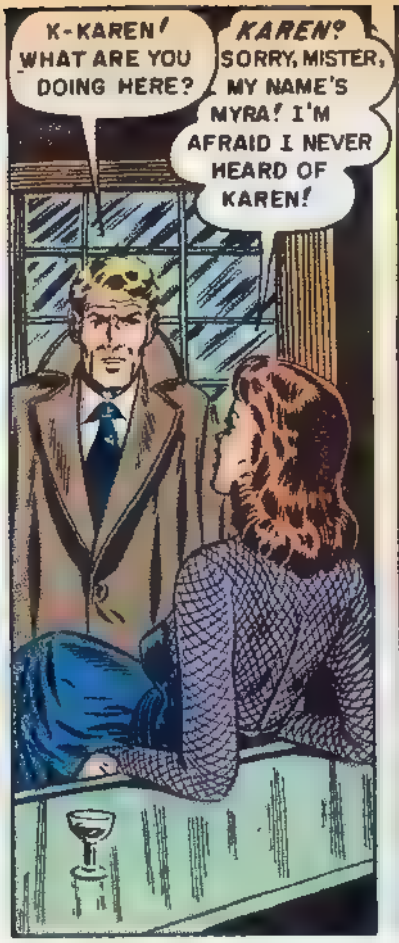
Finally the room was boarded up, as it is today. So far the ghosts have never gone beyond its borders. But to this day, if you know the old house and know the date, you can listen to *the ghosts' supper!*

BLACK means DEATH!

MY NAME IS HARRY WALTERS. THEY'VE ALREADY SHAVED MY HEAD AND CUT MY TROUSERS FOR THE ELECTRODES. IN FIVE MINUTES I'LL BE DEAD! AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR *HER* I'D NEVER BE HERE. I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, BUT LET ME TELL MY STORY...
FROM THE DAY I MET KAREN I NEVER HAD A MOMENT'S REST. SHE WAS BITTER, CRUEL AND DOMINEERING...AND I BORE THE BRUNT OF HER CONSTANT ATTACKS...
HELEN MARTIN JUST GOT A MINK COAT! EVERYONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OWNS A MINK!
KAREN, WE'VE GONE OVER THIS TIME AND AGAIN... I DON'T MAKE THE MONEY JACK MARTIN EARNS!
OF COURSE YOU DON'T! EVERY HUSBAND IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD BRINGS HOME A DECENT SALARY! BUT THEY COULD PAY YOU A DIME A WEEK AND YOU WOULDN'T COMPLAIN!
YOU'RE NOT A MAN!
CUT IT OUT, KAREN! *FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, STOP NAGGING!*

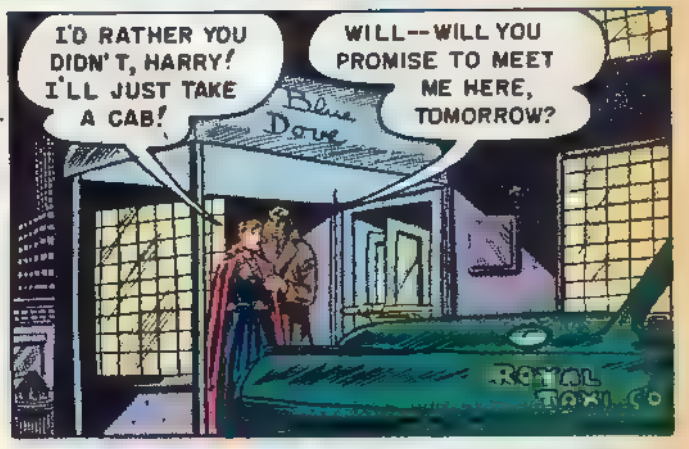
OH,SO IT'S WRONG FOR A WOMAN TO WANT TO LIVE LIKE A HUMAN BEING! YOU CALL IT NAGGING! I WANT TO LIVE A DECENT LIFE! HARRY, I WANT YOU TO ASK FOR A RAISE...TODAY!
OKAY, KAREN! I'LL ASK FOR A RAISE!
THAT'S THE WAY IT WENT. IF IT WASN'T MONEY, SHE'D FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT! KAREN DIDN'T TRY TO CONCEAL HER HATRED FOR ME...
HARRY! DON'T YOU DARE COME HOME WITHOUT A RAISE!
I HATED KAREN FOR THE PREDICAMENTS SHE CREATED. BUT, SOMEHOW, I CARRIED THE FAINT HOPE THAT IF I RECEIVED MY RAISE EVERYTHING WOULD BE ALL RIGHT...
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, WALTERS?
MR. KELLER...I'D...ER.. I'D LIKE AN INCREASE! I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO MANAGE WHAT WITH THE HIGH COST OF--
OUT OF THE QUESTION, WALTERS! WE'RE LUCKY IF WE'RE IN BUSINESS TOMORROW! YOU SPEAK ABOUT HIGH COSTS! WELL, DON'T YOU THINK KELLER, INCORPORATED HAVE EXPENSES, TOO? SORRY, WALTERS! CAN'T DO IT!
TH-THANK YOU, MR. KELLER...
WHAT WAS I TO DO? KAREN WOULD NEVER ACCEPT THIS REJECTION. AND I DREADED FACING HER WRATH...
WHY DO THESE THINGS HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME?
WHEN FIVE O'CLOCK FINALLY ARRIVED, RATHER THAN GO HOME, I WANDERED INTO THE "BLUE DOVE", A LITTLE COCKTAIL LOUNGE I FREQUENTED...
HI, YA, MR. WALTERS!
HELLO, BEN! GIVE ME A DOUBLE OF THE STRONGEST STUFF YOU HAVE!
Blue Dove
2

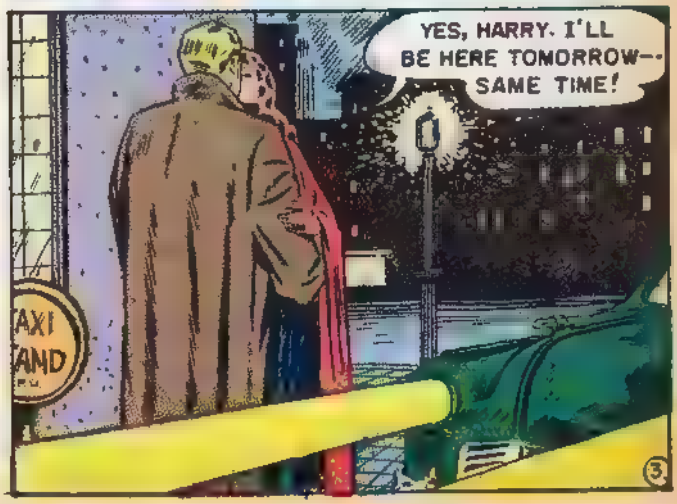
I SAT FOR A WHILE... MY MIND THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY! SUDDENLY I SAW HER!... I SAW KAREN!!
WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE! SHE DOESN'T SEE ME! MAYBE I CAN SLIP OUT!...
NO! I'LL FACE IT!



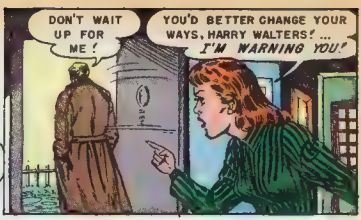
THIS IS REMARKABLE! WHY, YOU AND KAREN--THAT'S MY WIFE--CAN PASS FOR TWINS! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
I WISH I WERE KAREN! SHE'S A LUCKY WOMAN!

THE RESEMBLANCE WAS AMAZING! BUT IT STOPPED THERE, FOR WHEN MYRA SPOKE SHE WAS GENTLE AND GOOD... EVERYTHING THAT KAREN WASN'T. WE SAT AND TALKED FOR HOURS. I NEVER WANTED TO LEAVE HER...

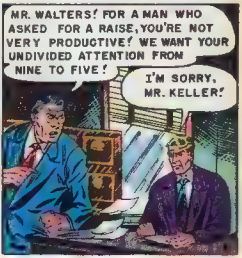




THE MEMORY OF MARA'S KISS GAVE ME THE COURAGE TO GO ON...
WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT? I WAITED UP UNTIL TWO-THIRTY! DO YOU THINK WE CAN AFFORD TO THROW DINNERS AWAY? AND I SUPPOSE YOU DIDN'T GET THAT RAISE...
SHUT UP, KAREN... I'M TIRED OF YOUR NAGGING! LEAVE ME ALONE!



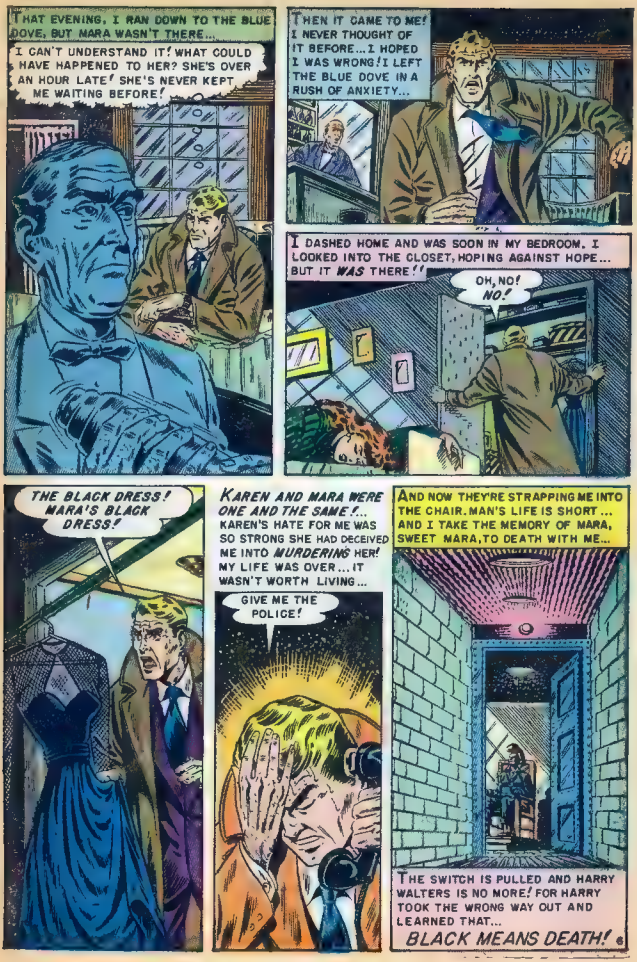
I DIDN'T MIND KAREN'S NAGGING, FOR I KNEW AT THE END OF THE DAY MARA WOULD BE WAITING FOR ME! I GUESS MY MIND WAS MILES AWAY, BECAUSE WHEN I LOOKED UP FROM MY DESK...


MR. WALTERS! FOR A MAN WHO ASKED FOR A RAISE, YOU'RE NOT VERY PRODUCTIVE! WE WANT YOUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION FROM NINE TO FIVE!
I'M SORRY, MR. KELLER!

ORDINARILY THE REPRIMAND WOULD HAVE WORRIED ME, BUT NOT NOW! THAT EVENING AT THE BLUE DOVE...
I DIED A THOUSAND DEATHS WAITING FOR YOU, MARA!
I, TOO, COULDN'T WAIT, MY DARLING!

WEEKS WENT BY... I WAS HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH MARA. ONE NIGHT I GAVE HER A DIAMOND WATCH... THE RESULT OF WEEKS OF SAVING...
MY WIFE HAS ALWAYS WANTED A DIAMOND WATCH AND A MINK COAT! DEAREST, YOU WILL GET THE MINK COAT VERY SOON! BECAUSE IT'S YOU I LOVE, MARA!
THIS IS BEAUTIFUL, HARRY!

HARRY, SOMETHING MUST BE DONE! I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! YOU MUST DIVORCE YOUR WIFE, AND IF SHE DOESN'T CONSENT... THERE ARE OTHER WAYS! BUT IT HAS TO BE DONE! I MUST HAVE YOU FOR MYSELF!
YES, MARA, ...THERE ARE WAYS...
AS USUAL, MARA DIDN'T ALLOW ME TO TAKE HER HOME. I STOOD ON THE DARK CORNER AND HER WORDS BURNED THROUGH MY BRAIN...
MURDER!!
IT HAD TO BE PLANNED VERY CAREFULLY. I WAITED UNTIL FRIDAY WHEN I USUALLY MADE A TRIP TO THE BANK FOR THE PAYROLL. I WALKED SILENTLY INTO THE HOUSE AND UP THE STAIRS...
I FOUND KAREN IN OUR BEDROOM. SHE DIDN'T SEE ME. I MOVED UP SWIFTLY FROM BEHIND HER AND THEN... I STRUCK!!
AAAGAARRHH!
THEN I HAD TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A BURGLARY. I RIPPED THE ROOM TO SHREDS!
LATER AT THE OFFICE I WAITED NERVOUSLY UNTIL I COULD MEET MARA AGAIN...
WON'T THIS DAY EVER END?
6.


THAT EVENING, I RAN DOWN TO THE BLUE DOVE, BUT MARA WASN'T THERE...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HER? SHE'S OVER AN HOUR LATE! SHE'S NEVER KEPT ME WAITING BEFORE!
THEN IT CAME TO ME! I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE... I HOPED I WAS WRONG! I LEFT THE BLUE DOVE IN A RUSH OF ANXIETY...
I DASHED HOME AND WAS SOON IN MY BEDROOM. I LOOKED INTO THE CLOSET, HOPING AGAINST HOPE... BUT IT WAS THERE!
OH, NO! NO!
THE BLACK DRESS! MARA'S BLACK DRESS!
KAREN AND MARA WERE ONE AND THE SAME!... KAREN'S HATE FOR ME WAS SO STRONG SHE HAD DECEIVED ME INTO MURDERING HER! MY LIFE WAS OVER... IT WASN'T WORTH LIVING...
GIVE ME THE POLICE!
AND NOW THEY'RE STRAPPING ME INTO THE CHAIR. MAN'S LIFE IS SHORT... AND I TAKE THE MEMORY OF MARA, SWEET MARA, TO DEATH WITH ME...
THE SWITCH IS PULLED AND HARRY WALTERS IS NO MORE! FOR HARRY TOOK THE WRONG WAY OUT AND LEARNED THAT...
BLACK MEANS DEATH!

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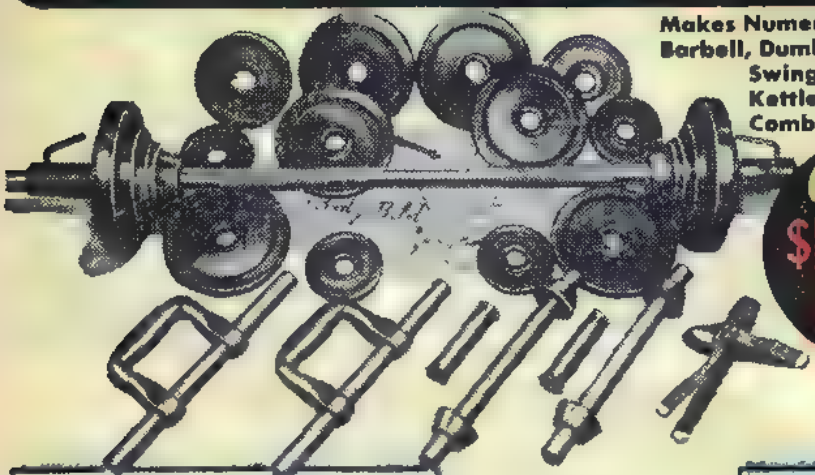

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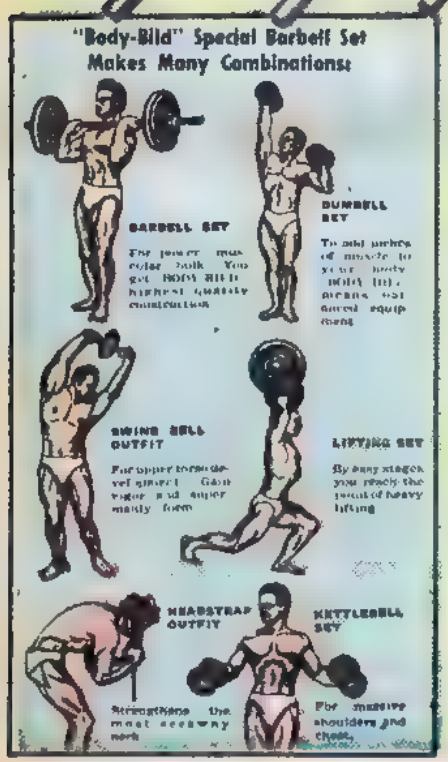

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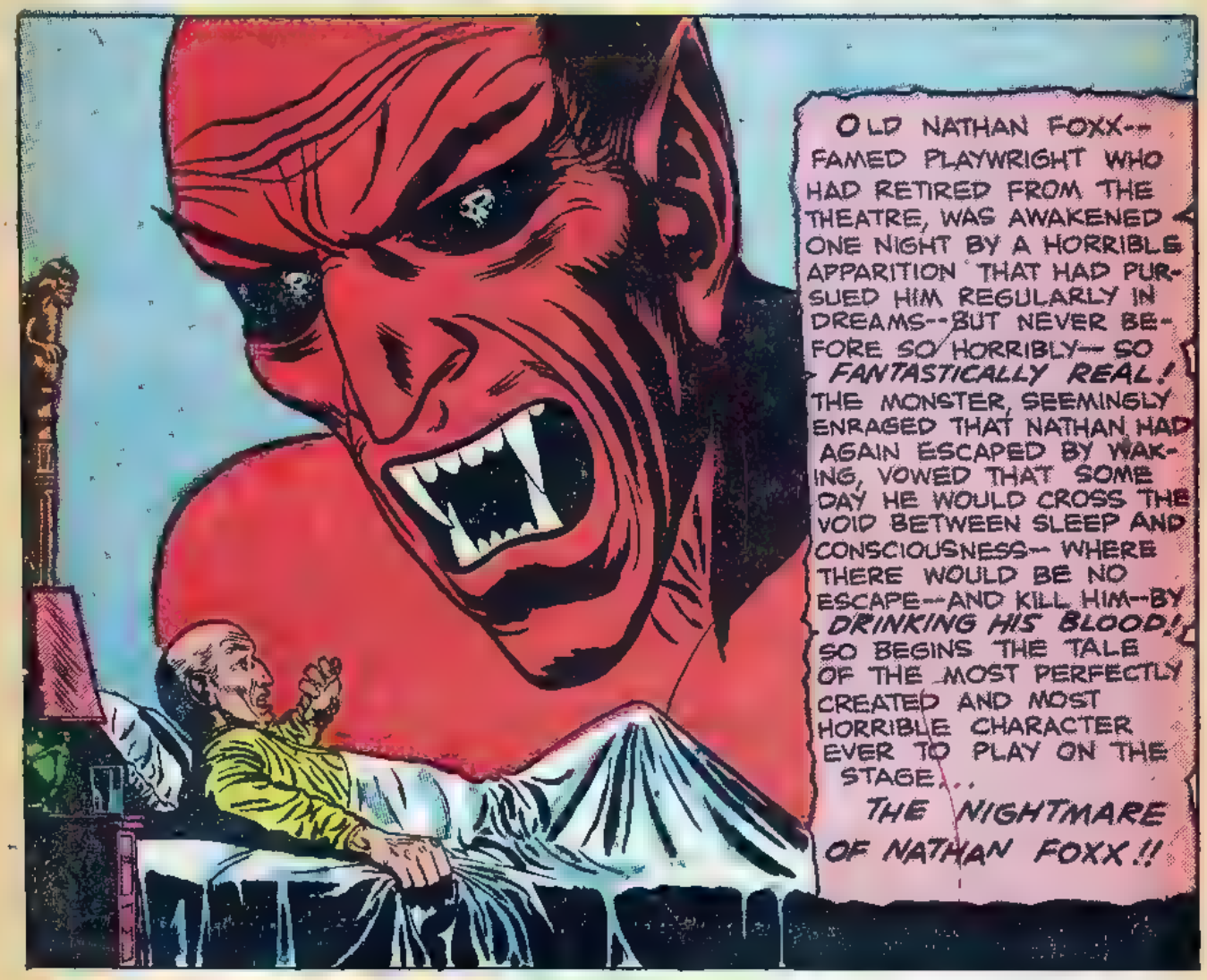
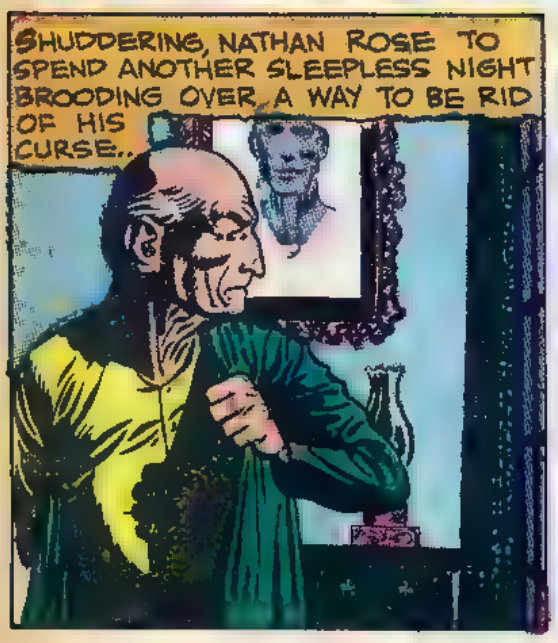
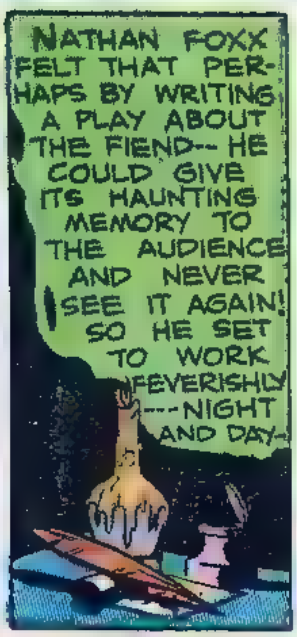
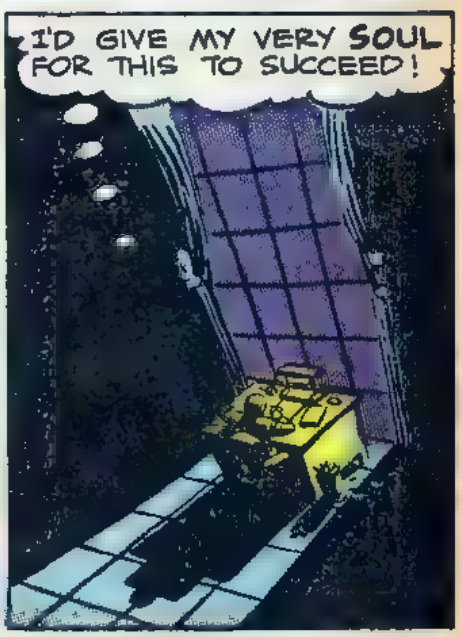
CITY . Zone . STATE .

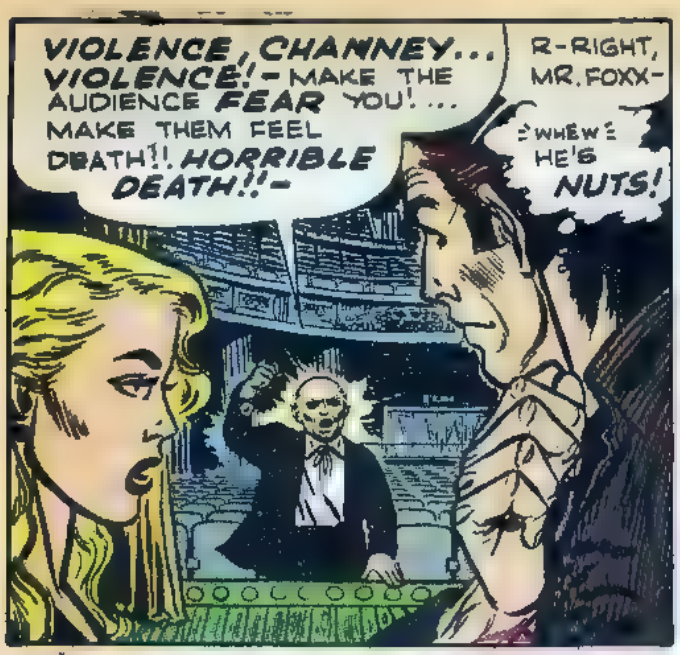
THE NIGHTMARE


OLD NATHAN FOXX--FAMED PLAYWRIGHT WHO HAD RETIRED FROM THE THEATRE, WAS AWAKENED ONE NIGHT BY A HORRIBLE APPARITION THAT HAD PURSUED HIM REGULARLY IN DREAMS--BUT NEVER BEFORE SO HORRIBLY--SO FANTASTICALLY REAL! THE MONSTER, SEEMINGLY ENRAGED THAT NATHAN HAD AGAIN ESCAPED BY WAKING, VOWED THAT SOME DAY HE WOULD CROSS THE VOID BETWEEN SLEEP AND CONSCIOUSNESS--WHERE THERE WOULD BE NO ESCAPE--AND KILL HIM--BY DRINKING HIS BLOOD! SO BEGINS THE TALE OF THE MOST PERFECTLY CREATED AND MOST HORRIBLE CHARACTER EVER TO PLAY ON THE STAGE... THE NIGHTMARE OF NATHAN FOXX!!



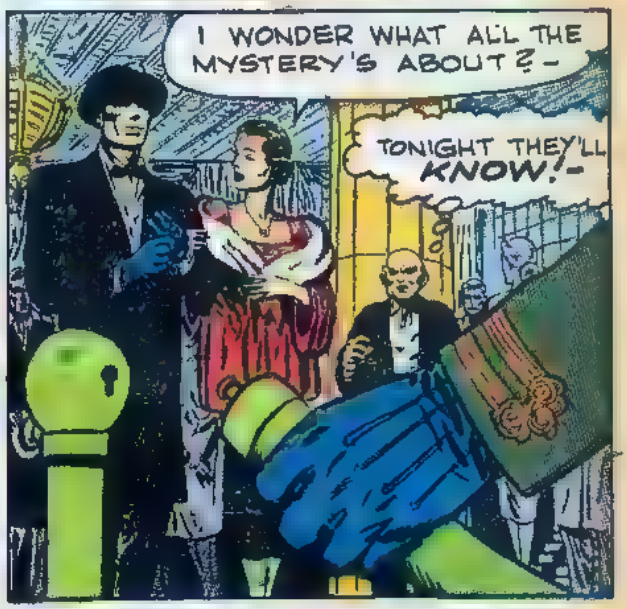

NATHAN FOXX FELT THAT PERHAPS BY WRITING A PLAY ABOUT THE FIEND--HE COULD GIVE ITS HAUNTING MEMORY TO THE AUDIENCE AND NEVER SEE IT AGAIN! SO HE SET TO WORK FEVERISHLY ---NIGHT AND DAY-



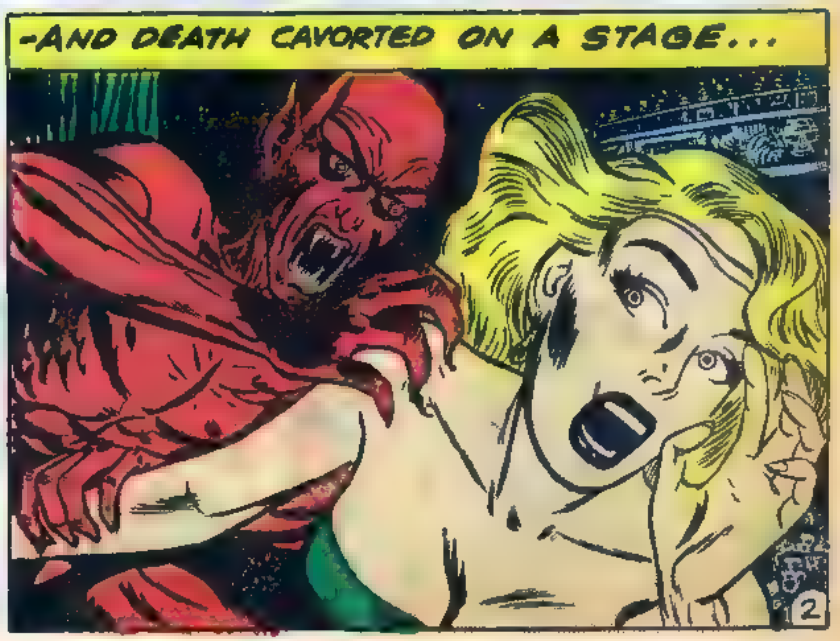

VIOLENCE, CHANNEY... VIOLENCE! - MAKE THE AUDIENCE FEAR YOU! ... MAKE THEM FEEL DEATH!! HORRIBLE DEATH!! -
R-RIGHT, MR. FOXX-
=WHEW= HE'S NUTS!

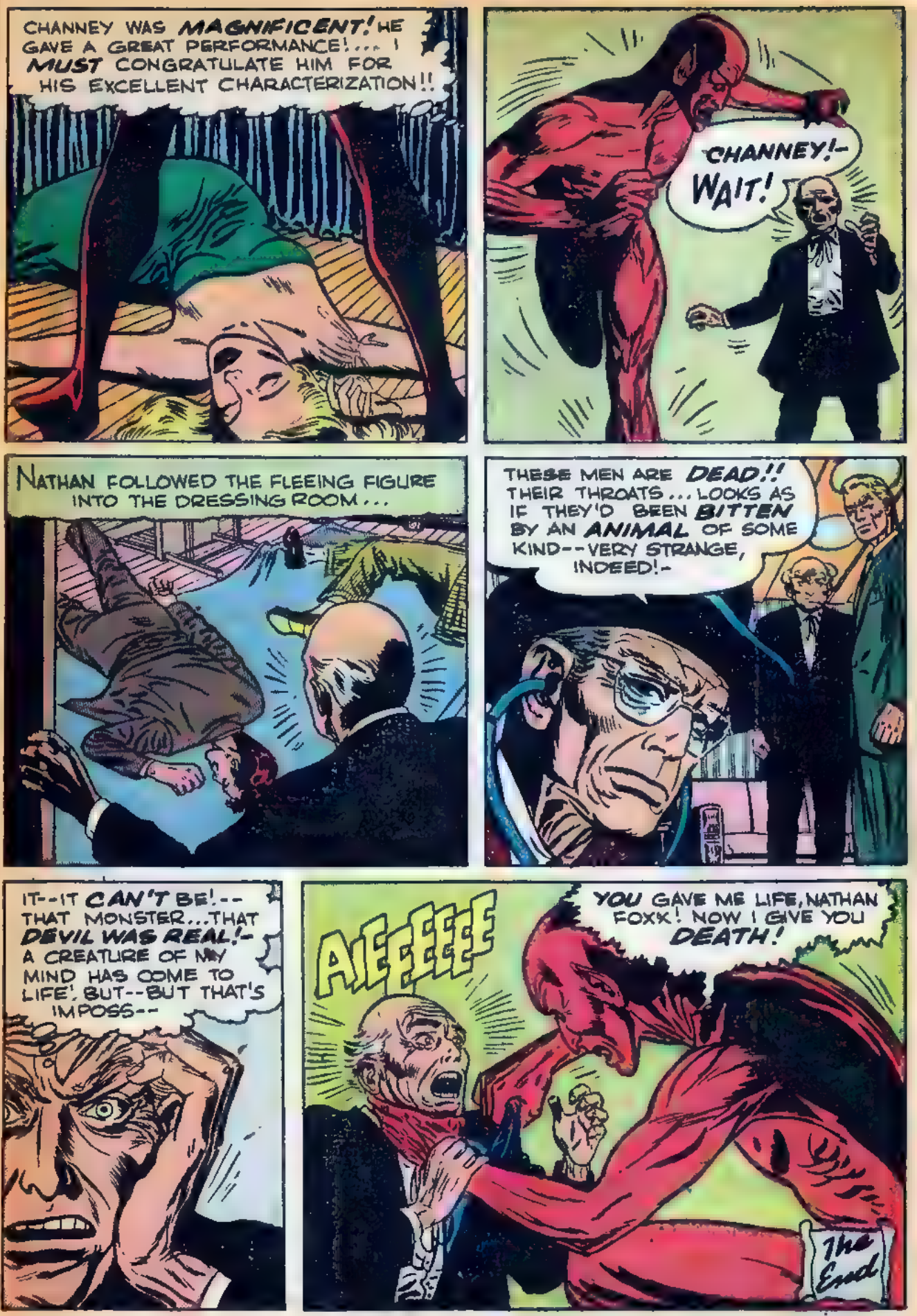
WAS THAT A SCREAM, MISS WHITE? ... SHRIEK! DO YOU HEAR? HE'S GOING TO DRINK-- YOUR-- BLOOD!!
Y-YES, SIR ...

SOON, THE PLAY WAS READY FOR THE PUBLIC! - PERHAPS IT WAS THE AURA OF MYSTERY IN THE SECRET REHEARSALS - WHETHER IT WAS THAT, OR NATHAN FOXX'S REPUTATION - THE HOUSE WAS SOLD OUT WEEKS IN ADVANCE. BUT-- AMONG THE FIRST-NIGHTERS WAS - DEATH!


I WONDER WHAT ALL THE MYSTERY'S ABOUT? -
TONIGHT THEY'LL KNOW! -

THE LIGHTS DIMMED... SLOWLY, THE CURTAIN ROSE, AND THE PLAY BEGAN! A HUSH COVERED THE AUDIENCE, AS NATHAN FOXX'S NIGHT-MARE CAME TO LIFE!...
THIS IS FRIGHTEN- ING, JIM--


-AND DEATH CAVORTED ON A STAGE...
2

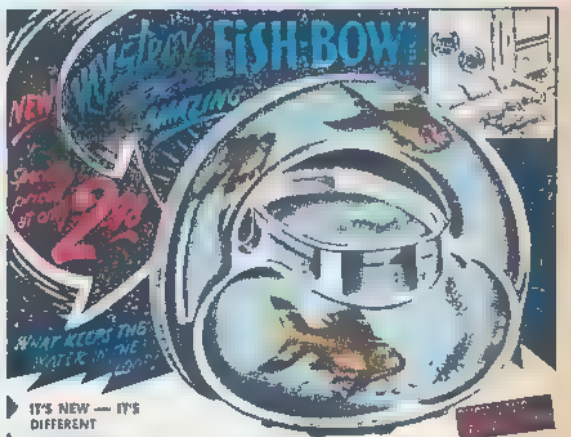

CHANNEY WAS MAGNIFICENT! HE GAVE A GREAT PERFORMANCE!... I MUST CONGRATULATE HIM FOR HIS EXCELLENT CHARACTERIZATION!!
CHANNEY!- WAIT!
NATHAN FOLLOWED THE FLEEING FIGURE INTO THE DRESSING ROOM...
THESE MEN ARE DEAD!! THEIR THROATS... LOOKS AS IF THEY'D BEEN BITTEN BY AN ANIMAL OF SOME KIND--VERY STRANGE, INDEED!-
IT--IT CAN'T BE!-- THAT MONSTER...THAT DEVIL WAS REAL!- A CREATURE OF MY MIND HAS COME TO LIFE! BUT--BUT THAT'S IMPOSS--
AIEEEEEE
YOU GAVE ME LIFE, NATHAN FOXX! NOW I GIVE YOU DEATH!
The End

Uncle Barry's FUN SHOP

ORDER NOW! at these fantastic PRICES!

- 7½" HIGH!
- HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES!
- DOUBLE LOCK AND KEY!!

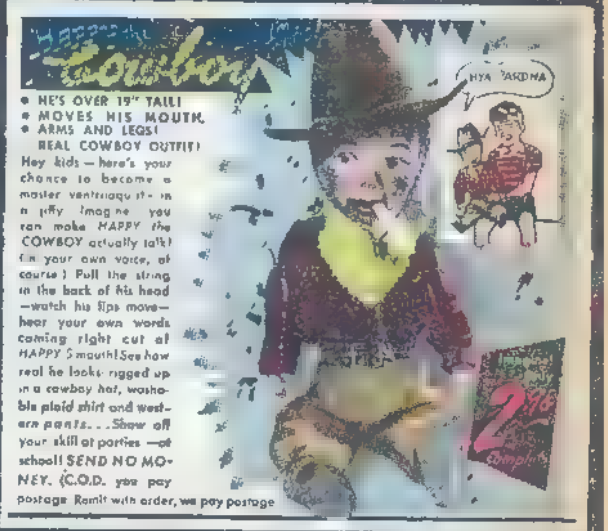
Exciting saving bank serves peanuts while you save pennies, nickels, dimes!! Comes with top hat, dashing manstle, a ½ pound vacuum can of delicious roasted peanuts. Double lock and key. Drop in a coin and flip back the top—out pops a generous amount of peanuts. Made of sturdy, durable plastic. MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK is ideal to start the kiddies saving (holds upwards of $20 in coins.) Wonderful for parties, entertaining, family fun. Easy to refill. SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)



- IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT
- BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC GYM
- FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP
- DECORATES END TABLES, BOOKCASES, ETC.

What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze & amuse your friends with this sensational new mystery Fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately ½ gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they frisk and frolic through the loop. The perfect compliment to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases etc. Makes a wonderful gift. SEND NO MONEY. C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of . . . plastic curlers . . . rubber waving bands . . . waving end papers . . . plastic comb . . . and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.



- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH.
- ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist in a jiffy. Imagine you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY'S mouth! See how real he looks rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants. . . Show off your skill at parties—at school! SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.

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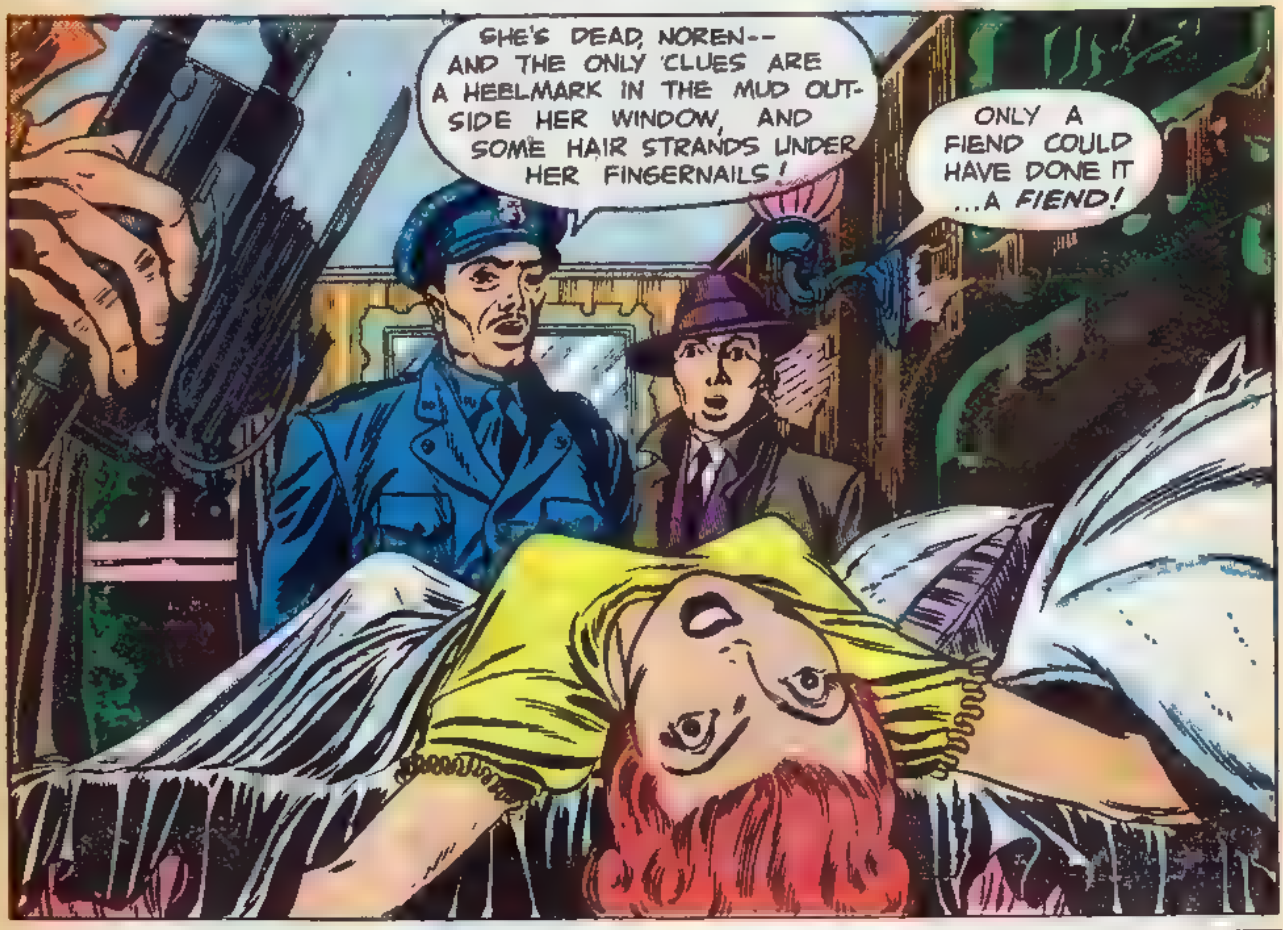
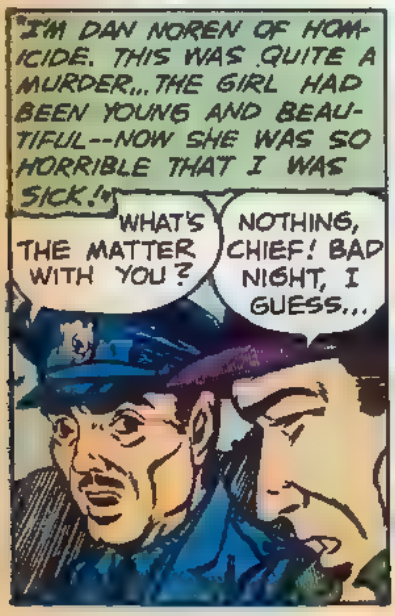
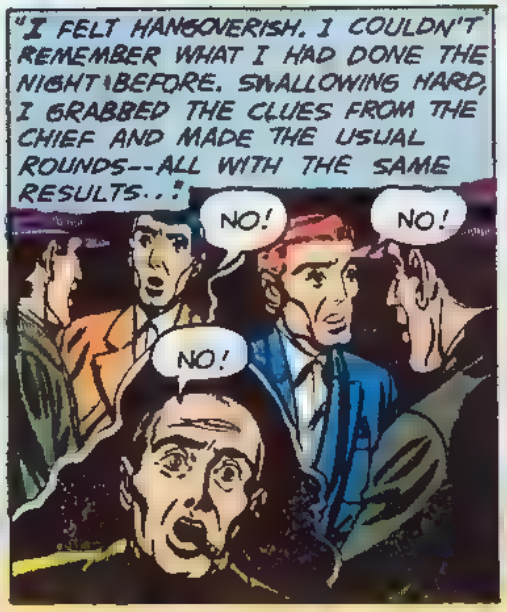
NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, Dept. A-2 New York

WHAT WAS IT THAT DETECTIVE DAN NOREN SAW IN THE DIMLY-LIT HALLWAYS AND SHADOWS OF DESERTED STREETS? IT CONSTANTLY FOLLOWED HIM, MOVING WITH EVERY TURN, DISAPPEARING WITH EVERY GLANCE! WHAT WAS THE FACE THAT HAUNTED HIS EACH SLEEPING MOMENT? THESE WERE THE QUESTIONS HE ASKED HIMSELF--UNTIL ONE DAY HE FACED THE CREATURE AND KNEW THEN THAT A HUNTER CAN BE HUNTED!

The GHOUL WALKS!


SHE'S DEAD, NOREN-- AND THE ONLY CLUES ARE A HEELMARK IN THE MUD OUTSIDE HER WINDOW, AND SOME HAIR STRANDS UNDER HER FINGERNAILS!
ONLY A FIEND COULD HAVE DONE IT ...A FIEND!


"I'M DAN NOREN OF HOMICIDE. THIS WAS QUITE A MURDER...THE GIRL HAD BEEN YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL--NOW SHE WAS SO HORRIBLE THAT I WAS SICK!"
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
NOTHING, CHIEF! BAD NIGHT, I GUESS...


"I FELT HANGOVERISH. I COULDN'T REMEMBER WHAT I HAD DONE THE NIGHT BEFORE. SWALLOWING HARD, I GRABBED THE CLUES FROM THE CHIEF AND MADE THE USUAL ROUNDS--ALL WITH THE SAME RESULTS..!
NO!
NO!
NO!

WHEW! WHAT A DAY! LET'S SEE...THE MURDERER'S ABOUT SIX FEET, 190 LBS, --THE HEEL MARK WAS DEEP IN THE MUD...AND HE'S YOUNG--BLACK HAIR...YEAH, I CAN EVEN SEE HIS FACE!

I SANK INTO TROUBLED SLEEP... THEN I WAS FLOATING--FLOATING TOWARD A SHABBY HOUSE WHERE A YOUNG GIRL SAT COMBING HER HAIR--THEN I SAW HIM!"
HA, HA, HA!
N-NO...PLEASE! EEEYAHH!
"HE CHOKED HER, LAUGHING ALL THE TIME! THEN HE SLOWLY TURNED AROUND AND LOOKED AT ME! I SCREAMED AND BACKED AWAY--FOR THAT FACE--WAS THAT OF A GHOUL!"
HA, HA, HA!
"WHEN I AWOKE IT WAS MORNING... AND SO IT WENT, DAY AFTER DAY. TWO MORE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED--TWO MORE GIRLS--AND I HUNTED THIS MONSTER WITH AN ANGER THAT WAS UNNATURAL!
I'LL GET HIM! --THAT FIEND!
"I HAD BEEN TRACING A SET OF HEEL MARKS IN THE DUST OF A LITTERED BACK-ALLEY IN THE POOR SECTION OF TOWN WHEN I SPOTTED HIM! YES--THERE HE WAS--RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!"
HELP! HELP!
HA, HA!
GOOD LORD!
"I SLAMMED HARD AGAINST THE THIN WOODEN DOOR AND BROKE IN...THEN I WAS ON TOP OF THAT MISSHAPEN CREATURE--CRASHING MY FISTS INTO HIM--SLAMMING, SLAMMING!"
UGHHH!
I'LL FIX YOU!
OH!..HE WAS WAITING FOR ME WHEN I CAME HOME FROM WORK...THAT FACE! THAT HORRIBLE FACE! IS...IS...HE--?
NO--NOT YET--BUT HE WILL BE, MISS! CALL HEADQUARTERS... TELL THEM IT'S ALL OVER!
"THE NEWS ROCKED THE CITY! I WAS A CELEBRITY! EVEN THE CHIEF SLAPPED ME ON THE BACK..."
I'M PROUD OF YOU, BOY--- REALLY PROUD!
HEY, DAN--HOW ABOUT ANOTHER SHOT?
HA, HA...OKAY, GUYS--PUT ME ON PAGE ONE!

"I WENT TO BED THAT NIGHT AND SLEPT LIKE A BABY FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN WEEKS! I'D BE PROMOTED FOR THAT JOB! I REPORTED TO WORK AGAIN THE NEXT MORNING, BUT NOT BEFORE I BOUGHT MY USUAL PAPER..."

NO--OH, NO!

DAILY STA...

GHOUL KILLS AGAIN LAST NIGHT!

MAR...--NEW YORK-- FOUND THE BODY OF YOUNG GIRL OF MANGLED ... POLICE FIND CLUE ...

"I STAGGERED INTO HEADQUARTERS, HEAD SPINNING, SENSES NUMBED...THE CHIEF TOLD ME WE HAD PICKED UP THE WRONG MAN! AGAIN, I TOOK UP THAT DEAD-END TRAIL, BUT THIS TIME, SOMEONE WAS FOLLOWING ME..."

IS...IS IT THE GHOUL? NO, DAN--GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, BOY... JUST YOUR IMAGINATION!

"BUT AS EACH HOUR PASSED, I KNEW IT COULDN'T BE MY IMAGINATION! I, THE HUNTER, WAS BEING HUNTED! WHERE WOULD HE STRIKE AT ME? I HID IN THE SHADOWS OF MY HALLWAY, WATCHING HIM SHUFFLE TOWARD MY ROOM..."

HE OPENED MY DOOR ...GOING IN...

"I POUNCED ON HIM SUDDENLY, FEELING HIS FETID BREATH ON MY OWN HOT FACE--HIS CLAWS CLUTCHED AT MY EYES ...I FOUGHT BACK SAVAGELY, VICIOUSLY, INSANELY!"

YOU WON'T KILL ME! NEVER, NEVER!

ARRGH!

"HE WAS WEAKENING...I FELT IT --I SQUEEZED HARDER--HARDER...HE RELAXED AND FELL TO THE FLOOR. HE WAS DEAD...I SWITCHED ON THE LIGHTS-- AND GOT THE SHOCK OF MY LIFE!"

THE CHIEF! GREAT SCOTT! HE WAS THE GHOUL! B-BUT WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE?

"SUDDENLY, I SAW THE OPENED CLOSET, THE MUDDY SHOES! MY BREATH WAS COMING FASTER NOW...I LOOKED DOWN AT HIS FINGERS--THERE WERE STRANDS OF HAIR--BLACK HAIR--UNDER THEM!"

WHA--WHAT ARE THESE THINGS DOING HERE? HE BROUGHT THEM HERE! WHY...WHY?

"THEN I WAS AT THE DRESSER, LOOKING, EXAMINING--AND THAT'S WHEN THE CHANGE CAME UPON ME...THEN I KNEW WHAT THE CHIEF HAD FOUND OUT--FOR STARING OUT FROM THE CRACKED MIRROR WAS THE FACE THAT HAD HAUNTED ME--THE FACE I HATED--THE LONG, BLACK, EVIL, HORRIBLE FACE OF--- THE GHOUL!

AHA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

END

"Scram! You SKINNY Scarecrow!

the boys shouted at me ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO!

"I was a SKINNY, scared, girl-shy skeleton. Now I feel and look great. Pal, do as I did, right NOW! Mail the Coupon below.

I gained 53 lbs. of MIGHTY MUSCLE

6½ inches on my CHEST; 3 inches on each ARM. You can do it in 10 minutes a day!" —NewYork

Roger D. Hirsch

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Felipe Mendoza

—CALIFORNIA

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Jobie Jackson Only 90 DAYS ago!

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Yours,

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MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and TIRED as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN WERE OF BEING SKINNY?

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did!

Give me **10 Pleasant Minutes a Day** and I'll give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY** for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

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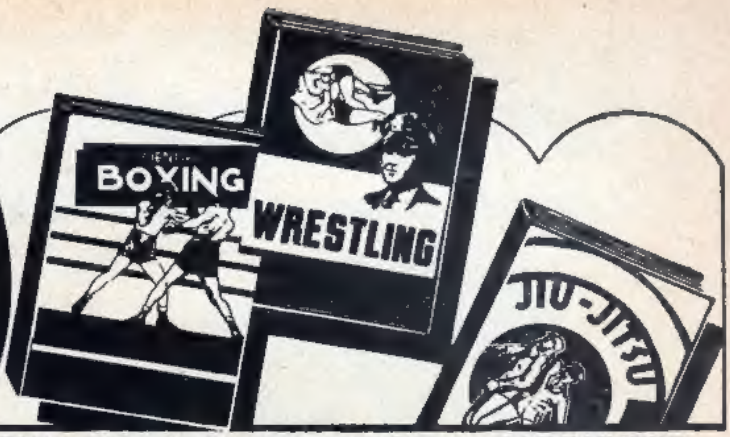

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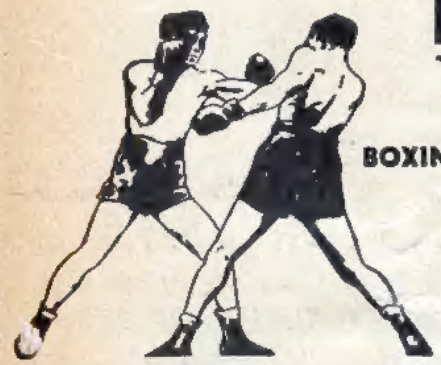

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